

THE
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LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

Antigua and the Antiguans : a full Account of the Colony and its Inhabitants from the time of the Caribs to the Present Day, interspersed with Anecdotes and Legends. Also, an Impartial View of Slavery and the Free Labour Systems ; the Statistics of the Island, and Biographical Notices of the Principal Families.

IN contemplating the most momentous and magnificent events of which this world has been the scene, perhaps, to the eye of the Christian philanthropist, the emancipation of a large portion of his race from the fetters and debasement of slavery must seem, above all competition, of paramount importance. The foundations and dissolutions of empires, the greatest victories, the most extensive enlargement of dominion—in short, all that can swell out the glories of the kingdoms of this earth, fade into insignificance when placed in comparison with the abolition of slavery. That man should hold his equal, fellow-man, by the chain, and goad his limbs with the lash, must surely have been the consummation of mortal crime ; and, consequently, the highest triumph of good over evil must be the severing the links of that chain, and abolishing the torturing application of that lash.

Had, then, the work before us possessed no other merit than that of bringing fully and faithfully to our view the workings of that free system for which the lovers of their race have laboured, and toiled, and panted, it would have presented the highest claims upon our notice. This, however, is not the case. Its other merits are great and various. Though affording us one of the most able and comprehensive views of the state of every class of the population of Antigua, dwelling most on its coloured portion, it is crowded with comprehen-

alive, spirited, and interesting descriptions of every object in the whole range of its society, of its natural aspects and productions, and of everything of interest attached or connected with it. As having been one of the theatres on which the iniquitous system of slavery has been so long carried on, from the days when Spanish policy thought it worldly wise to try the advantages to be won from human robbery, stealing the more sturdy frame of the swarthy children of Ham, and carrying them to the scenes of their new conquests, hoping to raise larger profits from the sweat of their black brows than could be extorted from the less efficient bones and sinews of the children of the soil, to these our own, we hope, more righteous times, signalised by a great and glorious act of justice, a mighty act of national virtue ;—from these causes, we say, Antigua deserves to be a noted and commemorated spot ; and this work will be the more welcome, since the West India islands have been, we think, somewhat strangely neglected in literature. Though familiarised in name with these verdant spots in the Caribbean Sea, and indebted to their produce for many a household luxury, too little has been done for them in the way of books, and we rejoice now, not only that Antigua has found the advantage of an historian, but that what has been done, is done so well.

The work opens with a general description of the island, its discovery by Columbus, its early settlement, and leads us with a clear but agreeable brevity through its various fortunes, its fluctuations of governance, the contests of the usurpers with its native lords ; in short, through all the fluctuations of its unsettled and settled state. All this is valuable matter, and essential to the just conception of the present condition of the population. But the living interest of the work is in its portraiture of the existing aspect of the island. Its rich sketches of familiar life bring before us scenes and classes which are perfect novelties to English feelings. After all, fiction toils after fact, but is never able to overtake it. The strange ramifications of society in these islands, spring from the diversity of the elements. The population in 1837, consisted of about two thousand whites and coloured people, and thirty-three thousand blacks. The classifications of the intermediate degrees of colour and connexion are as follow :

“ The *mongrel*, the offspring of a black and mulatto ; the *mulatto*, the offspring of a black and a white ; the *mustee*, the offspring of a mulatto and a white ; the *fustee*, the offspring of a mustee and a white ; and the *dustee*, the offspring of a fustee and a white. This last gradation is the connecting link between the degraded children of Ham and the descendants of his more honoured brethren. It is to be noted, however, that the *mulatto* is not *always* fairer than the *mongrel*, or the *mustee* than the mulatto ; and children of the same parents often exhibit as much, if not more, difference of complexion, as those of Europeans.”

Among the mass of interesting matter which crowds upon us in every page of this work, we are distracted in our choice through the very redundancy of the riches presented to us. We shall, however, cull from those portions which seem more particularly to present these children of Ham in their varied aspects, and first for the commemoration of that honoured and happy day, the 1st of August.

"Before the abolition of slavery, it had been supposed by many of the inhabitants of Antigua, that the negroes, at such an important era of their lives—the transition from slavery to freedom—would be led into great and serious excesses, or, at least, that they would pass the first days of freedom in dance and song, in riotous feastings and drunken carousals. But when the time arrived, far different was the result. Instead of that day being the scene of wild revelry and disorderly jollity, the negroes passed it as a 'Sabbath of Sabbaths,' a solemn feast.

'One bright day of gladness and of rest.'

The churches and chapels throughout the island were thronged to overflowing; and those persons who were unable to procure seats within the sacred walls, crowded around the open doors and windows, with eager looks of joy. All the shops and stores in the island were closed—

'The roar of trade had ceased, and on the air
Came holy songs, and solemn sounds of prayer.'

From every valley and dingle, and from every height, came trooping joyous groups. Old men and women, whose woolly locks were silvered by the hand of time—young men and maidens—the robust and the weak—the parent and the child—all rejoicing that the day had at length come when the iron yoke of slavery was removed from their shoulders, and they, like their masters, could boast that they were free!

"The 1st of August fell upon a Friday; and after enjoying themselves the following day with their friends, and joining in the ordinances of God upon the Sabbath, the greater part of the negroes returned to their agricultural and other employments on the Monday morning, with the utmost decorum and good temper. Defective as the negro character may be, their behaviour at that eventful period of their lives must elicit praise from the lips of all, and prove a lasting theme of gratification to the friends of liberty."

The friends of emancipation could have no higher proof of the fitness of these men for liberty, its enemies could receive no stronger refutation of their unfitness, than such a sanctified enjoyment of the restored rights of freedom. Had the draught, indeed, proved an intoxicating one, and wild revelry have followed, no argument could still have been deduced that the gift lacked wisdom in the bestowal—so called Christian men on Christian festivals running the wild riot of sensual enjoyment with all the energy of fierce appetite. The unfitness of the negroes to be trusted with their own heritage of liberty, so far from being an argument against its restoration, has always appeared to us the strongest motive in its favour, since the degradation of character, which formed the pleaded incapacity, was the certain and never-to-be-evaded result of that very system. To expect the spirit of free men in slaves, would be as much against nature as to expect the spirit of the slave in the free man. Humanity is, we were about to say happily for itself, since usage blunts the sharpest sting, soon ground down to its condition; and if we would restore the nature, we must first change the condition, and certainly not expect to succeed by beginning with the reverse.

But passing from the grave to the gay, we must give a little domestic illustration of the assertion of freedom in a very young recipient.

"I was amused the other day with a scene which took place before our dwelling; the actors, a mother and her child. The mother had a small

came in her hand, as if about to chastise her daughter, a child of about six years old, who begged very hard for forgiveness. 'Do, mammy, don't lick me; me beg your pardon, ma'am. Oh! don't lick me, mammy; me do so no more.' The mother relented, and let go the child's hands, who, turning round immediately the fear of coercion was removed, stamped her little foot upon the ground, and raising her tiny fist, exclaimed, 'War you lick me for? Me free—me no b'longs to you!'"

The time is past when it was requisite to bring arguments in support of emancipation; there are still, however, dissentient voices, for whose sake a few instances may be brought in justification of the measure. Leaving, then, behind the black catalogue of crime and cruelty, which might possibly be referred to the barbarism of a by-gone date, we cite a few modern instances.

"The examples which I have already given may be said to have happened many years ago; but still, for long after that, the life of a slave was looked upon as of very little value, provided the master was reimbursed for the cash they cost. If brought before a magistrate one day, they were, perhaps, condemned and executed the day after; and should a condemned criminal accost a passer-by in these words, 'Ah! buddy, you no no me now; but p'raps you will,' and such salutation be heard by the sentinel, that person, if even a stranger, and guiltless, perhaps, of all offence, was taken up on suspicion of having some dealing with the captive, and in some instances suffered death with him. The intrigues which were carried on between negroes in those days, rendered it, it is said, expedient to adopt these harsh measures.

"I have heard it asserted, that the reason slaves first came to be tried by jury, in 1735, was this:—A black man was brought up before two magistrates, on suspicion of having committed some heinous crime; and after hearing the case, the culprit was condemned and executed. A week or two elapsed, and something transpired to lead to a suspicion that he was not the guilty party. Through the exertion of a Mr. Gunthorpe, the case was tried again; and the result was, that the man was pronounced innocent. After that it was ordained, that no slave should be condemned to death, without being first brought before a jury, consisting of six persons.

"For the particulars of this case, I am indebted to an old man well known in Antigua. He bears the burthen of eighty-six years, and is still as active and strong as many a one only half that age. I heard him speak very highly of our late gracious Majesty William IV., who, when he was in the navy, visited Antigua for some time. 'Prince Henry was a good young gentleman, God bless his memory!' cried the old man. 'I used to wait upon him, and have often heard him speak of what good he would do, should he ever come to the throne. He has spared many a black person a good flogging. And when we all heard he was king, every one said, God bless him!' Old Mascall, for that is his name, can tell many a tale of other days, and no doubt has seen many shocking sights in the course of his long life. I heard him tell of another gentleman, who used to treat his slaves in a most barbarous manner, giving them commonly fifty lashes at one time, and then calling for a lighted candle, drop melted sealing-wax upon the gashes. His cook used to be chained to a 'fifty-six,' (a weight of fifty-six pounds,) with a chain long enough to enable him to walk from the kitchen to the house; and his washer used also to be chained in like manner to her wash-tub, in which situation, my informant told me, one woman dropped down dead, with her chains around her. With regard to this piece of cruelty, all that I can say, but which on no account do I offer as an excuse, is, that the negroes are very stub-

born, and given to prevarication. They have so very often represented themselves ill, when such has not been the case, that they might avoid their day's labour, that when really suffering from sickness, they have seldom met with any sympathy."

So from this unhappy cause came the happy result of trial by jury; but, though painful, we must pursue this subject a little further.

"But my melancholy subject is not yet ended; a few more acts remain to be exhibited before the curtain falls. There was some years ago an Antiguan planter, who was of such a tyrannical disposition, that he was an object of dread to the whole negro population, until at length he made himself so hated by them, from his cruel punishments, that he fancied his life in danger, and therefore quitted the island, and remained absent for many years. It was customary for many persons at that time to send, or threaten to send, negroes who were refractory or lazy, to Mr. — for punishment; and so dreaded was his name, that, in most cases, it procured good behaviour and declarations of amendment; for hard, indeed, was the fate of those who fell into his hands. It is said that Mr. — has been known to order two drivers to stretch slaves, no matter whether male or female, upon the ground, and to flog them until he rode round his estate, (which was one of good extent,) and upon his return, if he did not think the gashes sufficiently open, he would make them continue their demoniac employment for a longer period. The operation of flogging was thus performed:—the unfortunate victims of their barbarity were stretched upon the earth their full-length, four men held them down, while one or more drivers, with their immense cart-whips, lacerated the flesh at every stroke."

We had marked this extract further, but the details are too appalling, and we suppress them. That the individuals who have been thus doomed to quiver under the lash, are not, as has been too often shamelessly urged, incapable of pure and beautiful feeling, we will illustrate.

"Before their conversion to Christianity, the Africans firmly believed that after death they would return to Africa, and there enjoy uninterrupted felicity. * * * A short time previous to emancipation, I remember talking with a negro who fostered this belief. He was rather a remarkable personage: when in the prime of manhood, he must have possessed great strength, if we may judge from height and breadth. His cheeks, arms, and back of his hands, were deeply tattooed with different devices; his complexion was of a clear black, and his countenance very intelligent; nor had he that remarkable flatness of nose and thickness of lips by which the natives of Guinea are so remarkably distinguished. He told me he had been 'long 'nough' in the West Indies, (which phrase I found, by inquiry, extended to about four-and-twenty years,) and that he was a prince in his own country—brother, I think I understood him, to the King of Benquela, or something he pronounced very much like it; that, during a war with a neighbouring tribe, he was taken prisoner, sold to some merchants at Calabar, from whom he was purchased, with several others, by the captain of a slaver, and brought to the West Indies. * * * Seeing that I pitied him, he continued, 'But now me ole, me soon go hom—me no 'top much longer to trouble me massa!' I asked him what he meant, and where was his home. 'To me own country—to Africa!' he replied, the 'light of other days' beaming for a moment in his eyes. 'What! now you are *old*? You have less chance of returning there than you ever had.' 'Oh! missis, you no sabby (understand). Me mean me die now, an den me go home—den me happy, den me hab no mo' work,

no sick no mo' ; me ole bone no ache den, but me get 'trong den and happy too ! "

No matter what the mode of expression, the belief in a resurrection, and an exquisite love of country, are here most powerfully associated.

But passing from the sad and sorrowful, which has impregnated with too grievous a bitterness the gone-by times of this afflicted race, we turn to the gaily-toned aspect of the present, rejoicing that happier days have dawned on Antigua, and in this feeling the second of these volumes has been a perfect indulgence. Certainly Almack's must give place to the black balls of Antigua, for not one tithe of the same hearty enjoyment or the same comic amusement could be found in the polished splendour of the one that abounds in the rich assemblies of the other. After pausing over the graver merits of this work, our readers will be agreeably surprised at being carried into scenes where Dickens would have luxuriated. The elaborate gallantry of the beaux, the condescending courtesy of the belles, their amusing adaptation and mutilation of the Queen's English, their exquisite quadrille parties preluded with the most pompous of invitations, emblazoned on cards of all the colours of the rainbow ; the vast ultra-magnificence of their own attire—the satins, the *challis*, the blonds, the flowers, the brazen chains, and glass *bijouterie*, of the ladies ; the velvet-collared, brass-buttoned coats, the snowy pantaloons, the many-coloured vests, the smart cravats, silk stockings, polished pumps, glittering chains encircling the neck in almost endless involutions, the quizzing-glass, the rings, the snuff-box with its lid honoured with a portrait of Queen Victoria or Prince Albert, the silk handkerchief perfumed with would-be *eau de Cologne*, of the gentlemen, quite overwhelm our sober English ideas of style and fashion, so much does the imitation outdo, overreach, and overwhelm its exemplar. We smile to find the fashions of Regent-street common and every-day things among the sable exquisites of Antigua. The long trailing dresses with which it has pleased our fair ladies of home to sweep the streets, their classically braided hair, and we know not what beside, are all parodied in the island. These things, however, ought to be looked upon rather as indications of the enjoyment of new-born independence, perhaps displaying themselves in somewhat ludicrous extravagancies, than under any other aspect. The details are replete with amusement, and we wish that our limits would allow us to transfer some of the broad farce so unconsciously acted to our own pages. Like the face of Janus, the work has two aspects ; one of grave merit, one of gay amusement. It would be impossible not to be satisfied with the one ; it would be difficult not to be gratified with the other. Plain good sense and honest religious feeling give weight to accurate observation and sound reflection ; a tender philanthropy with the sufferings of the wronged and the injured engage our sympathy ; while the cheerful hilarity which seems almost unconsciously to have spread itself over the mind of the author, in entering with a sort of bodily presence those gaudy scenes, full of the broad glare of caricature, reach and engross the mind of the reader with a power from which there is no escape. The com-

pleteness of the work is also too remarkable to pass without observation. From the first discovery of the island down to the latest possible date, it comprises a most perfect history. Every class of its various population receive their due attention. From the governor down to the lowliest of the long-despised race, with their intermediate grades, all are marked and noted. Accurate, searching, and comprehensive, are the delineations. Vigorous and forcible pictures of everything worthy of observation succeed each other from the first chapter to the last, and every aspect is as important as it is spirited and graphic, while the whole presents us with a work of rich, of varied, and of commanding interest.

The Irish Coquette. A Novel.

There are fashions in everything, and the fashion in literature at the present day is all in favour of continuations. Curiosity is aggravated, interest is excited, by introductory delineations of marked characters, and we are plunged into incertitude as to the result of the workings and issue of certain events, and then we are compelled to pause, always in some strange crisis, until the day of publication comes round again. This mode of raising our interest is certainly one of most effective potency: the individuals presented to us become a part of our acquaintance. We do not peruse their histories, arrive at the *finale*, approve the book, close it, and forget those whose lives and doings it has been portraying,—or, at best, remember them as things in a book; but we at once establish them as living beings, in whose fate we feel a lively sympathy. They are no longer apochryphal existences, but genuine and true; we remember them as real individuals, whose lives are progressing on with our own. They become, as it were, part and parcel of our connexions, and we wonder what they may be doing while we think of them. The events which befall them are not done, but doing. In short, we all know that at certain seasons of our lives we contract an interest in the circumstances of some particular acquaintance whose affairs seem all strange and eventful, and our curiosity and excitement are constantly kept alive. Thus it is also with the well-depicted characters realised to our minds in the talented continuations which have become the fashion of the day.

The mode of publication adopted for the “*Irish Coquette*” is a new variety of this plan. Meant as a continuous history, we have here one of the volumes in every way highly calculated to excite the interest of which we have spoken. It will at once be seen as a result that we are debarred from criticising the work as a whole. It would be wholly unfair to anticipate, even were that practicable, but the skill of the author has thrown such a provocative haze over the future, that the prophetic vision which could penetrate it must indeed be keen and piercing. The talents of the author are diversified; sometimes the scenes are melting with feminine feeling; at others, racy with masculine jovial hilarity. The pathetic and the humorous succeed each other with strong alternate power. The opening of the work is full of sad and sorrowful tenderness; the bereaved husband,

on whom anguish has done the work of years, whose hair is blanced more by grief than age, bending under the despair of his deep suffering, is powerfully contrasted with the cherub girl, whose beauty and whose cheerfulness are yet too fresh from heaven to be soiled, and fretted, and polluted by this earth. The rosy child and the haggard parent form a striking picture, and one that would have been too painful for continued contemplation. Wisely, therefore, has the author withdrawn us from the scene, and carried us into one whose opposition is wide as the world, and all things in it. The house of sorrow changes to the house of merriment. Shillelagh Lodge, the residence of the real Irishman, body, soul, and mind, Squire Tom O'Grady, opens its portals to receive us. Here everything is purely natural to that most sad and yet most merry land, emphatically termed "the Gem of the Sea."

Here whisky punch, and song, and carouse, and tumult, made the old walls reek and ring again, whilst their master, the fox-hunting, merry-making, hard-drinking Squire Tom O'Grady, the very prince of good fellows, the most jovial of souls, spent his time in hunting, shouting and carousing, and making his companions right gloriously welcome to the hospitality of his roof, which he avowed to be the best and the most national, because genuine thatch. The squire's guests are happy specimens of their facetious father-land. Fat Doctor Dowse, imbibing the ambrosia of whisky punch, enacting the ghost in Hamlet, and refusing to dissolve into thin air, on Squire Tom O'Grady's imitative cock-crowing, presents us with a most capital convivial accompaniment to his patron. We are also well pleased to mark the truly catholic spirit which has pervaded the feelings of the author in his depicting the characters of the Roman and the Protestant priests. By no illiberal liberty of fiction is the one endowed with all virtues, nor the other with all vices, and neither is mean inuendo made to do the mischief of open aspersion. The spirit of true religion actuates the hearts and lives of both, and their province in this history is singularly such as they ought to occupy. Active benevolence, cheerful philanthropy, and love in its purity of purpose, influence the actions alike of Father Wynne and the Curate Stepney. Piety, as in reality it ever must, exalts these men, and they form a fine relief, in their elevated sanctity, to the class of retainers, who, in their prejudices, their passions, and their phraseology, are so thoroughly and genuinely Irish—Squire Tom O'Grady's groom-valet being a rich specimen of brogue, blunder, and garrulity. Leaving, however, the Irish hearthstone, and following the history to our own country, two powerful and remarkable characters arrest our attention. The *millionnaire*, Frederick Mansergh, with the heart of a philanthropist and the liberality of a prince, and the beautiful adventuress Mrs. Austin, with the mind of a Machiavel and no heart at all. This slight introduction of the principal personages in this interesting work will give our readers some idea of the circle, whose acquaintance we are recommending them to make. The beautiful child, whose fortunes remain to be developed, must still shine out the single star. The present volume does but open the path and prepare the way for one whose destinies are marked at the very commencement of her race.

This portion of the "Irish Coquette" has but ushered in a radiant heroine, painted her parentage with a pen of pathos, surrounded her like some fairy queen, with an attendant host of satellites, placed her in a position of no common interest, raised expectation to its highest pitch, and then left us to await a second with all the eagerness of strongly-awakened interest and curiosity. We can only say that we trust the pleasure of another volume will not be long delayed. We introduce our readers to Squire Tom O'Grady under the character of a controversialist theologian.

"'You are silent, sir,' said he, tauntingly, to the curate,—'silent, because you are a Tory minister, and your Tory bile sickens at argument. But it won't do, sir!—silence only makes me desperate! I am now desperate enough to tell you a few bitter truths. (Here he gulped down, with great relish, a long draught of rum punch.) You know, sir,' continued he, returning to the charge with double vigour,—'you know in your heart, (though you won't own it,) that there is nothing in this world like the sterling grandeur of the Roman Catholic religion—no faith at all to compare to it. Haven't we,' continued he, with great rapidity, and no stops,—'haven't we confession, absolution, the real presence, incense, blessed salt, holy wells, holy water, altars, shrines, stations, jubilees, mysteries, pilgrimages, plenary indulgences, orders, oblations, relics, statues, pictures, crucifixes, scapulars, beads, and blessed gospels? *There,*' cried he, pausing, and in triumph,—'*there* is something sound, sensible, and substantial, for a man to take hold of and save his soul withal. Now, reverend sir, let me ask you, in a friendly way, what the d—l have you in *your* church that could save my niece Minna O'Grady either here or hereafter?"

"The curate made no reply—he sat in silent wonder, staring at the speaker.

"Mistaking his silence for the being *silenced*, the squire now fancied the game all in his own hands, and that he was playing it admirably. Thumping the table with his huge fist, he burst into an exulting laugh, renewed the attack, and ran on with an eagerness and rapidity truly astonishing.

"'Haven't we,' cried he, 'the Virgin Mary, the angels, and all the saints in heaven, to intercede for us? Haven't we the priests, nuns, monks, friars, and pilgrims on earth, to pray for us? and, *shure*, the d—l's in it if we haven't enough to do for ourselves, if we would only do it! Haven't we masses, offices, rosaries, litanies, (to every saint in the calender,) fasting, prayer, penance, penitence, repentance, and mortification of the flesh. * * * Haven't we purgatory, which gives *us* some chance of salvation. * * * Haven't we,' continued he, 'blessed palm, blessed candles, and blessed ashes? Aye, that we have, and fifty other things beside, if I could only remember them. Never mind, I'll make Father Frank O'Leary repeat them all for me over again, when I get home, success to himself!' cried he, drinking off a tumbler of reeking hot rum punch to his health; 'he's the man that could tell you forty times as much of Scripture as I did! Ay, and he'd drink rum punch too,—success to him, (this was said by way of a taunt to the curate, who never drank any sort of spirituous liquors,) or any other punch, and keep his head, God bless him! But, sir, to my question. What have you in *your* church that can save my infant niece, Minna O'Grady, from the wickedness of this world or the vengeance of the next, eh?"

"Here he again thumped the table so as to make the glasses ring, replenished his tumbler, and stared eagerly for an answer.

"That Squire Tom, in the overpowering tide of enthusiasm, had not only run himself out of breath, but out of argument, was sufficiently obvious, as he sat panting for an answer.

"The Curate, seeing there was now no escape, replied, in a firm but gentle tone, 'We have the gospel.'

"'The gospel!' echoed the Squire, scoffingly, considering the assertion false: 'the gospel! don't tell me such nonsense; I know well you have no gospel. Now that you pretend to have a gospel, pray what sort is it, for, surely, you won't have the face to tell me you have the like of *this*?' cried he, thrusting his giant hand deep into his breast, and with a strong effort producing therefrom a black riband string, from which was suspended what seemed a little dirty leather pincushion, in the form of a heart.

"'Now fellow me *that* in *your* church, reverend sir,' cried he, holding it triumphantly forth for admiration; 'do you pretend to say that you have the like of *that* in your church, or anything at all to be compared to it?'

"'What is it?' inquired the Curate, staring wonderingly at the little dirty pincushion.

"'It's my gospel!' shouted the Squire.

"'Your gospel!' echoed the Curate, in manifest amazement, and much more amused than he had any desire to be on a subject touching religious faith.

"'Yes, *it is* my gospel!' vociferated the Squire, fiercely; 'I got it from father Frank O'Leary, to preserve me from the infection in the time of the scarlet fever, and father Frank is a very good man.'

"'Will you allow me to look at it?' asked the curate, mildly stretching forth his hand.

"'No, indeed, I will not,' returned the Squire, doggedly; 'it's one of the mysteries of our blessed church, that's not to be touched—a holy, blessed thing, that's not to be fingered.' Here he shook his head mysteriously.

"'Surely, my dear sir, you jest; you can have no such belief?' said the amazed Curate, unable to suppress a smile at the man's easy and absurd credulity.

"This smile provoked the Squire more than ten thousand doubts could have done.

"'No such belief!' said he, scornfully repeating the words; 'what do you mean? I'll tell you what, sir, of our faith—if it's *that* you mean by belief—the Protestants are ill-naturedly ignorant, and confoundedly mistaken. And that's more of my *belief* for you.'

"With that he thrust the little dirty leather pincushion back again into his bosom. Having safely deposited his talisman in the aforesaid temple of honesty and oddity, he buttoned up his coat to the throat, refreshed himself with rum, and returned to the attack, like a successful combatant, with renewed vigour and unabated zeal."

Essays and Poems. By E. F. ROBERTS.

It is a rare thing to meet with good prose, rarer still to meet with good poetry, and yet we have these two rare things united in this one little volume. That genius has its caprices is undeniable, and "*Me-
phistophiles*," the opening poem, is one of them. There is something daring in the idea of diving into the mysteries of the invisible, and mingling the silent and unseen operations of the spiritual with the corporeal. Yet has our author carried us down to Hades before he has led us into the scenes of earth, and showed us their intercommunion. Something of awe mingles with the view. There is a degree

of fearfulness in the impression that the purest of our feelings may be carried to such an unauthorized excess as to place us in the power of those evil spirits who delight in man's destruction ; and when the agency of demons is unveiled, it seems as if the curtain were drawn from before the deep abyss, and we were left to gaze on this fearful spectacle, lit by the light of its own lurid horror,—and yet we would fain believe, that there may be a deterring usefulness in the fearful warning. We are quite sure, that if the world could once be led to fasten its mind upon the realities of the unseen, it would have a mighty influence upon its actions. It is only a practical detraction from the immutable reality of what exists on the other side of the dark veil which separates the connexion between what is done on this. The talent displayed in Mephistophiles is undeniable, the incident fearful, the catastrophe of mingled happiness and horror. We will not destroy its interest by a more accurate expression of its scope, but merely presenting the hero and the heroine as they are seen by the mystic vision of the inhabitants of Hades, leave our readers to follow out their fortune in the volume.

“ A proud ship sailed o'er the azure sea,
 With the white sails swelling bold and free,
 Proudly leaped that *bark* the billow,
 But, ere long, a watery pillow
 Bare the shipmen's corse-cold forms,
 Free from tempests and from storms.
 There floats a boat o'er the dead, dead sea—
 Oh, 'tis a woful sight to see !
 Her timbers crack'd, and her seams are riven,
 She's billow beaten and tempest driven :
 But two now living of the crew,
 Their faces ghastly, cold, and blue—
 A fair girl one, her bright locks laden
 With gems and salt—oh, hapless maiden !
 Famine wasted—on her brow
 A golden circlet—pendant low
 Hang ear-rings of red fretted gold,
 Fearful contrast to behold ;
 On her cheek a small spot burneth
 With the fever-fire, death quencheth,
 In her flashing midnight eye.
 Life yet lingers—oh, the sigh !
 Glorious ebon hair is flowing
 Down her marble neck but growing
 Dry, and matted with the water—
 Such was now that high-born daughter.
 Fondly nursed her head a boy
 With grim visage, yet there's joy
 In his faint glance : he fondly lingers
 O'er her face, while her cold fingers
 Are locked in his.—Thus lulled to rest
 She lies in slumber on his breast.

There are shadows him surrounding
 And the waves are hoarsely sounding,
 But he clasps her closer ever
 To his breast—no night shall sever

Them. She croaketh now for food ;
 He hears not that sad cry unmoved.
 Ravenously glares her eye—
 The gentle boy but heaves a sigh—
 He hath given all he had—
 Last drop of water, last of bread."

We ought not to pass over the poetic portion of the volume, without a comment on the "Legend of the Cross," one of those old ballad tales which can never be read without a renewal of every romantic impulse which may be lying dormant within us. It is no light pleasure to be surprised out of the matters of fact of these utilitarian times, and carried back as it were into the days of old, when knights were as brave as ladies were fair, and chivalry and devotion kept equal pace. "The Legend of the Cross" revives the spirit of those ancient days, but we must not pause over it, but pass on to those essays which complete the volume, and which for importance of subject and fineness of conception, can scarcely be surpassed by anything in our language. "Time," "Life," and "Death," are subjects of so august a presence, that when we say they are right worthily treated, we leave ourselves without ability of offering them higher praise. The inscrutability of the first, the importance of the second, and the fearfulness of the last, may well make the mind humble itself before them, and yet it is mind alone which can estimate, though that but feebly, the solemn power of these mighty ones. That our author has grappled worthily and powerfully with his subjects, our extract will establish. Its own language will speak best for itself, and it will at once be seen that the work is the production of no ordinary mind.

"What is life? The question becomes more solemn. Some will answer, it is the keen perception of agonies and bitter grief, that makes the hair grey, and prematurely steals the rose from the cheek,—marks the brow, not with age, but with lurking care. It is to see rolling mists glooming and thickening until life itself seemeth lost in their folds, anguish, sorrows, broken hopes, things so pale and so withered, that dead leaves are not more so—the degradation of every high feeling, bounded and beset by poverty,—troubles, scorn, things following each other in such quick succession, and so frightful in their effect, as to make a man hopelessly gaze upon the sun, and moodily marvel whether his *night* will ever come, that he may *sleep*.

"To others, again, life is an uninterrupted scene of joy. It is marvellous to behold with what ease some pass on their way, winding sinuously through the crowd, not touched nor jostled by any. Unquestioned and untroubled, these easy mortals wonder to hear others grieve, and think they never heard such grumbling people. Alas! none but he who drinks of the bitter cup can have a heart overflowing with sympathy. Grief and sorrow are humanizing things, depend upon it, reader; and few hate their fellows the more because they have had to wipe away tears of bitterness.

"The elements of happiness are not so dissimilar, after all, but very unlike are the ideas man forms, and it is manifest that perfect happiness on this earth is unattainable. This is the reservation—the ultimate hope—when the wild strife is over, that we shall in an hereafter enjoy full and uninterrupted happiness. Man is said to be progressive, and so he is in many things, but there is a fixity in the distance between himself and pure unsullied joy, that he cannot lessen by any transience, and thus

be oscillated to and fro, which makes the antagonism beneficial. The physical changes that take place incessantly act immediately upon man. Good and evil, plague, pestilence, and famine, battle, murder, and sudden deaths, are ministers in their mysterious but awful manner,—these are so blended together in an intricate yarn, that life is wholly taken up with endeavouring to unravel the threads; and when he imagines them to be in something like order,—when he begins to enjoy the fruit of his toil,—he dies, and all is intricate as ever.

“But it may be remarked, that in his steam-engine, vegetable-dutilising day,—the day of joint-stocks and monopolies,—that the idea of even earthly happiness is some *obsolete* thing,—a word without a meaning,—something that men of the older day dreamed of, but which now hangs above the metropolis, shelved and choked amid fog, and smoke, and Atlantic saturations; its whiteness and purity has a yellow tint reflected from the gold bags of the Bank and Lombard-street, half-stifled with the foul pestilential breath of the many police-courts and felon-cells, which infect the air with a moral, unwashable taint. Men run into dim corners with eager eyes, in which you see ‘speculation’ glaring,—in every idea, a new company of ‘land or water rats,’—in every moody abstraction, a calculation of profit and loss; and thus all the manifold operations of clerk and exciseman flow into that central mass, the currency, which disembogues again, in the most mysterious silent manner, hither and thither, like a deep under-current; so each payment seems noiselessly made under a table. O wonderful adaptation of soul to matter! We cry, Is not this, now, the acmé of old, rusty, pagan philosophy?—the harmony of £ s. d. as exponents of value? The mystic number of the Pythagorean is here improved upon; thus do we often see fawning credulity, whining servility, because at certain times gold chinks may be heard in the recesses of his pocket, and he laughs with a humorous leer at penniless man, who is very sillily determined to be honest, and to take only that which he can demand as a right. But this knee-bending servant to very bad times, with gold chinks, is at last a mo-nied man also, and then he again reverses the system. Instead of being the serving, he is served; the complacent truckling smile changes into authoritative frown, big with the importance of holding others in fief;—never did feudal lord command his vassals with fuller faith of being obeyed by another knee-bender than our oily-jointed friend. Marvellous, O Mercurius, is this all?—Thus he holds soul and body under a golden key, but the other leers and laughs too, for gold chinks are heard above all.

“But it is not thus with all. Some there be, that, in the bounty of great soul, feel the infinite value, the vast usefulness of life; who look upon it with fondness, hope, with sympathy, and deep human love, and to such a man there is much that is healthful and soul-stirring, even in the fierce anarchy of earning daily bread, whilst others are hungrily striving to snatch the morsel from the hand.

“Solemn, burning lamp! light of experience and thought! magnificent gift of God! thou art ‘beautiful exceedingly,’ in every phasis of thy being thou showest thy maker; whether thou art one of the many modes by which intellect is allied to matter; whether part of a continuous chain, or whether thou art a perfect and separate state, of which there is no pre-existence, and to which death is thy limit; whether thou art a type or a reality; whatever thou art thou art a good and a wondrous thing. While, then, we have a consciousness of being, let it be our study to ‘apply our hearts unto wisdom;’ to be, like Socrates, on the couch expectant, with scrip and staff in hand, prepared to take our departure, when the death-angel is at the door.”

Whitefriars, or the Days of Charles the Second.

The obligations of novel writers and novel readers to that merry monarch "who never said a silly thing and never did a wise one," are almost illimitable. Like an inheritance increasing in value, or a mine under process of working, as posterity travels on, the more it is drawn upon the more do riches increase and multiply. And, in truth, those eventful days seem the true era of fiction, and England the rightful scene of its enactment. The strange and jarring elements of society meeting in sudden shocks, remind us most of the battle charges on some well-fought field of contest. On the one hand, stands the russet-coated, steeple-hatted, lock-shorn puritan,—stern, remorseless, condemnatory of all but self and sect: on the other, the gay, love-making, song-trolling, curled and scented cavalier,—stiff only with gold and embroidery, and easy enough in morals and conscience. Hypocrisy borrowing the garb of the one, and sensuality licensing itself under the attire of the other, are to be traced out in all their various ramifications and gradations; but never, surely, did they put on so bold a frontage of enormity as when Charles led the wassail in his dissolute court, and Titus Oates made perjury as common as household words. The characters of this date are indeed marked and emphatic, not softened, polished, and assimilated, like society in more modern days, but distinct, angular, full of peculiarities, both of the individual and the class. The sobered tone of a more settled state, like the frost which binds everything in its chains, was then utterly broken up, and the ocean roar of brawl and anarchy rang through the land. No wonder, then, that these are times in which fiction loves to hold its fairy reign.

The author of "Whitefriars" deserves our attention. With many faults, he has yet many merits, and we would infinitely rather deal with these inequalities than glide over the tedium of sleepy mediocrity. Among these merits are an animated style, good powers of dialogue, a never-tiring plot, abundance of action, and great diversity of character. All these are sterling things in the way of desert, and we desire to give them their full weight, but still we must look to the opposite scale.

Now, the object of a novelist, like that of the artist, is to paint portraits, and these portraits must either be of individuals, or of our great mother Nature. When an author chooses to take those whose actions history has recorded for the subjects of his delineation, he paints a person of which the world may fairly judge of the likeness. The man remains with us in the memory of his actions, and we can accurately compare the one with the other, and judge whether or not they be just counterparts. The other alternative, making Nature the sitter, leaves us with an equal facility to judge of the resemblance, her laws being universal, and subject to neither change nor fluctuation, since they were first immutably ordained; and our question is, whether the author of "Whitefriars" has or has not infringed upon the universal legislation?

First calling to the bar of judgment those who are meant to stand as the renovations of real existences, we summons Dr. Titus Oates.

Dr. Titus Oates, charged with being a conspirator, a perjured witness, a bloodhound, a traitor, a low sensual villain, a truckling coward, and yet a deep-dyed murderer, striking in the dark, a trembling assassin, and yet a base poltroon. What shall be said? guilty or not guilty? Why, guilty; and our author therefore acquitted.

Colonel Blood, charged with daring robbery, bold recklessness of crime, of utter disregard of all laws either human or divine, of being a hired bravo for others as well as a base ruffian for private revenge, of never-ending subterfuges, of never-satiated crime. Of all this does Colonel Blood stand convicted, and is it therefore consistent with his bravo character to find a line of lingering tenderness written in his blotted heart for the child of the man whom he had murdered? We think not. The *injurer* always hates the presence of the *injured*, and the child inheriting the wrongs of his parent, must needs seem poison to the sight of him from whose sins he suffers. The one sole animal virtue for which Colonel Blood could ever deserve admiration, is his courage. In all else he was a monster.

But the character of Lady Aumerle? Alas! that we should be obliged to admit that it has ever had prototypes! but when we remember the unnatural mother of the unhappy poet, Savage, we are obliged to confess that such feminine fiends have existed, and we grieve to admit that our author can plead even a solitary instance of example for her delineation.

But we make a graver objection to the portraiture of Charles. It seems to us as if the novelists of the present day entirely lost sight of the truth, that we have no more right to judge uncharitably of the dead than of the living. We believe that we have less, since the departed can no more lift up a voice in self-justification, and it matters nothing to the principle whether an individual has passed from this world's arena a day or a century. To tread lightly over the graves of the dead is a touching adjuration. Even the sable race of the much-despised negroes might teach us a lesson in this line. In the work "*Antigua and the Antiguans*," to which we have endeavoured to do justice in a preceding page, we find that sully and polluting the grave of the dead is the greatest injury and grief that can be inflicted on the living. Gathering a lesson from this natural instinct, we must say that our author has dealt somewhat too hardly with King Charles the Second. Though dissolute, he was not sanguinary; though profligate, he was not malignant. Too easy to be unforgiving, and too fond of pleasure to play the ruthless tyrant. We defend not Charles's sins, but we certainly think that they were numerous enough without adding to their total; and if ever excuse could be found for levity of conscience and of conduct, it might be allowed in his case. The sorrows of his youth might well make Charles hate the republicans who had caused them, and had stolen away his crown; while the fearful murder of his father, in inducing detestation of the puritanism which had caused it, need create little wonder if in the re-action all religion fell into disrepute. But the bias of our author's mind explains this severity on the restored monarch. The Puritan faction he has painted as would best please themselves; the Royalist party he has depicted as would best please their enemies.

Passing over the host of really interesting individuals who covered the scene, we pause for a little space upon the hero. We think that in him the interest is somewhat deficient. Undoubtedly a hero is always entitled to pre-eminence, but the young Aumerle has it not. He lacks the nerve of moral courage. His flight with Oates, a man whom he despised, from St. Omers, where he had been fostered and sheltered, was pusillanimous; his companionship with the conspirators debasing; his insult to Aurora Sydney unpardonable. The lion's whelp should have the lion's spirit, and readers are ever disappointed when they cannot follow the hero with admiration. Nevertheless, we hold that the work is good, and that there is every promise that the next from the same pen will be better. We prove our estimation of it by the length of our critique, and by our recommendation of it to our own readers.

Early Hours and Summer Dreams.

Poetry can have no higher, holier, or purer office, than to elevate the imagination, to purify the affections, and at once to supply motives of virtue, and reward its endeavours. Poetry may indeed be called the *sentiment of life*. Associated with the mundane, the ignoble, the earthly, its incompatibility is at once apparent, whilst its assimilation with higher and nobler things requires not a word of establishment. The dreary drudgery of life is sweetened and lightened by draughts from the sparkling and refreshing springs of poetic imagination. Travelling through the wilderness, we may well and fairly rejoice ourselves in the bright spots which are as the oases in the desert. As we labour on through this world of care and toil, it is well to withdraw ourselves for a while from the busy tumult, and, with some poet for our companion, unfold the leaves wherein his thoughts are registered, and rejoice ourselves in the high communion of mind with mind and heart with heart.

"Early Hours and Summer Dreams" is just one of these delightful little volumes with which we may thus luxuriate. Thus says the editor in his preface: "If the generation of the present time is engrossed by schemes of avarice and ambition, if their minds are rendered heartless by voluptuous pursuits, or virulent with the acrimony of religious and political controversy, the editor may, perhaps, console himself with the belief, that the feelings likely to be awakened by these efforts of the writer of 'Early Hours' may soothe and harmonize the tumult of unworthy and often bitter passions." Such motives, seconded by a competent performance, command at once our respect and admiration.

The tone and spirit of these poems are classical. The author has drank from the springs of an elevated fount; nothing of the puerile or the sensual humiliates their lofty strain. The tender, the beautiful, the true, these are the familiar things of our poet's mind. On these at once his thoughts fasten and luxuriate. With these he calls upon us to sympathise; and as the spirit of poetry cannot be too widely

diffused, we introduce our author in his own words, trusting that our readers will be led from these samples to perfect their acquaintance.

“THE CONTEMPLATIVE.

“When Autumn’s mellow brown the wood o’erspreads,
And fades the smiling verdure of the meads ;
When genial skies a milder influence shed,
And tinge with ruddy gleam the mountain’s head ;
When all the labouring world around is still,
Soft whispering gales alone the valley fill,—
Nature seems softly sinking to repose,
And the sweet calm in part on man bestows,
The jarring thoughts its lulling influence feel,
And o’er each sense delights unbidden steal.
When of such independent bliss possess’d,
No gift of kings, but centred in the breast,
Why ask the vain parade of worldly pride,—
The toys which man’s insensate race divide ?
Say ! does not this deserve the name of wealth,
On whose enjoyment wait content and health ?
Thus oft reflection’s warning dictates spoke,
When piercing griefs my youthful slumbers broke,
Nor then reluctant, I her words obey’d,
And at her feet my rebel passions laid ;
Still, though my bosom own’d the force of truth,
Yet, warm with fancy, and the fire of youth,
Amidst the charms of nature all combined,
One charm was wanting—lovely womankind,
When, at the thought, the gleamy sunshine fled,
The landscape half its ripening beauties shed !
Oh, woman ! source of bliss, to thee we yield—
E’en reason, vanquished, quits to thee the field !
Shall we not wonder at the speechless charm,
Which can the brave, and e’en the good disarm ?
Rest from our dangers, of our toils’ reward—
No ills of life, when borne for thee, is hard.
Without thee, how imperfect is delight,
Slow moves the day, and care prolongs the night ;
On thee the winning charities attend—
The lover, wife, the parent, and the friend !
Thee through succeeding time, from shore to shore,
All but the cold and selfish shall adore ;
And love, though banish’d by the world’s false art,
Shall build its temple in the virtuous heart.”

Impressions, Thoughts, and Sketches, during two Years in France and Switzerland. By MARTHA MACDONALD LAMONT.

The advantages of youth are so many, so great, so various, of so rich a lustre, and so rare a costliness, that when we speak of a disadvantage attached to its condition, we do but typify the specks in the sun. We do verily believe that to those who have lost it there is no one point of regret and envy so all-pervading and so all-powerful as that of departed youth. Youth gilds all things with its own lustre,

Feb. 1844.—VOL. XXXIX.—NO. CLIV.

H

throws everything into the light of its own bright hopes, and walks through present pains insensible of their depressing influence, because impregnable in a full suit of joyous anticipations. Were it only on the score of novelty, that charm which the world labours to find with such an untiring avidity, youth has the vast advantage of beholding all things under a new aspect. Not yet has satiation and weariness ensued. Not yet is the world exhausted of its novelties. Not yet has the sad lesson that "all is vanity," been learned. Not yet has Experience extinguished Hope.

But the disadvantage which this happy condition of existence admits as its accompaniment, and to which we have referred, must needs be dangerous, where youth assumes the pen of authorship, and our sense of justice obliges us to note it here. It is the want of experience. Things that are stale and old to others, appearing fresh and new to these novitiates in the world, are told accordingly. This is the fault of this volume of "Impressions, Thoughts, and Sketches." An often-told tale must needs be tedious, unless it be brought before us under a fresh aspect, illustrated by new associations. The impressions of a young lady on visiting the continent may be delightful to herself, but it does not follow that they are interesting to the world. Describing things that have been described innumerable times, it is yet done with an air of perfect confidence that everything is as unhackneyed to others as to herself. And yet we would be very far from dealing hardly or harshly with the result. We are tempted to believe that these letters were in the first instance written solely for loving friends at home; friends to whom the most trivial thing concerning those from whom they are separated assumes an aspect of undue importance, and we wonder not that the partial fondness of near and dear connexions should suppose the world ready to receive with a like pleasure that which interested themselves so warmly. If a fault at all, it is the fault of affection, and therefore one for which its motive most abundantly compensates.

Nevertheless, though perhaps deficient in general interest, the work has its merits. It is undoubtedly not a book made up to amuse or to caricature either men or manners. It affords a very fair insight into the domestic life wherein Miss Lamont was domiciled, and this being chiefly in the school establishments of Paris, among which she seems to have changed about pretty frequently, there is a good deal of detail elicited connected with them. Those who are curious in such matters will find this a rather prominent feature; and though we consider that there is much of irrevelant matter in the work, yet are we glad to acknowledge that some of the letters have a real interest connected with the subjects on which they treat. From among these we select one which supplies a very good idea of the *Maison Royale*.

"MY DEAR MOTHER,

Paris, May 22.

"In order to tell you all I wish in regular order, I must go back almost to the date of my last letter, to the Sunday before last. That day was so warm that I did not go to church. I could not think of the tremendous distance between this and the Oratoire, so I sat in my room reading, and walked in the garden until nearly three o'clock; at that time I went into the saloon; the sound of a carriage attracted me to the win-

dow, and I saw an equipage which I knew must bring me a visitor—it was the Duke of Tarento: I was summoned, and met him on the stairs. ‘Ah, how do you do, Mademoiselle?’ said he, in English, almost all the words he knows, for he cannot speak it; but sometimes picks up a word or phrase in compliment to his many English visitors. I conducted him into the saloon, but the apartment next to it has recently been painted, and he found the odour of the paint rather disagreeable, so that he requested me to go into the garden with him; thither we went, and placed ourselves on a seat under the trees at the farther end, where he remained more than an hour with me. Thinking that I was in duty bound to be interested in boarding-schools, he gave me the most minute details about the Maison Royale of St. Denis, of which, as Chancellor of the Legion of Honour, he was director for seventeen years, and he has consequently had the regulating of the education of more than two thousand young ladies. It is to me evident that this school has been quite a pet concern with the old warrior. He himself added a new class to the others, *la classe de perfectionnement*; of course, after passing through it, as the school-girls say, *they were finished*. But I need not tell you anything more of the Maison Royale, as he has promised me a letter for myself and party, which will be a passport to every part of it, for his mother-in-law, the Countess de Bourgoing, is yet superintendent of the establishment, though he, after the revolution of July, resigned his office of Chancellor of the Legion of Honour. I listened with pleasure to all that he said about education and boarding-schools, yet thinking, like the poet, when a royal person criticised his tragedy, and discoursed about the unities, ‘God forbid your majesty should know as much about those things as I,’—or like poor Goldsmith, when spoken to about bailiffs, ‘I know what they are, for I have been in the rascals’ hands.’ But I listened, admiring the excellent countenance, the mild yet spirited eyes, the silver hair, and the whole appearance of the man who talked about school-girls, and had outdone Hannibal at the Trebbia, for his glorious defeat there, caused by Moreau’s defection, was followed by victories greater than those of the Carthaginian.

“Various other subjects followed—his travels in England, of which he seems to like to talk, or else he does it in compliment to me. In passing through the court, as he was taking his leave, we met Madame B.; he took off his hat, and I named her to him. He immediately entered into conversation with her: from inquiries about her school, he passed to the Maison Royale, and again spoke with enthusiasm of its arrangements. At length bowing to them, and taking leave of me, with ‘*Au plaisir de vous revoir, Mademoiselle,*’ he entered his carriage and drove off. Every one who saw him was as much enchanted with him as I am myself. A few days after, I had a very kind letter from the Duke, inclosing one for the Countess de Bourgoing; and also an order for admission for myself and friends, at the Maison Royale, on the following Sunday, and in addition to all these politenesses, inviting me to breakfast with him on Monday morning. On the evening before our excursion to St. Denis, we had arranged to set off at eight in the morning, as we were strongly recommended to be early; but at eight I was the only person on foot, and in breakfasting order; soon after arrived poor Mrs. W., having taken a very hurried meal at home: thus we English kept the appointment, and they French were ready at half-past nine.

“We reached St. Denis soon after eleven, and found that it was a *fête* day; we could not be admitted until half-past twelve, the mass being longer than usual. To fill up the interval, we repaired to the old cathedral, dedicated to the patron saint of France, and in which are the tombs of her kings; but here the long mass interfered with our intention of examining the tombs, for they could not be shown until it had terminated. We waited then to hear the mass, and to see the procession of the priests

St. Denis is the place of retirement of superannuated bishops, and it is probable that all whom we saw engaged in the service were dignitaries of the church; they were certainly all very old, and wore most beautiful dresses; some of the finest lace and embroidery which I ever saw, decorated the sides and skirts of their robes. In the midst of their performance, however, I was obliged to screen myself behind a large pillar, and indulge in a very improper fit of laughter at poor Mrs. K. She is very tall and awkward-looking; yet quite unconscious that she might attract any notice, she placed herself in the very centre of the church, and with hands joined, and with wondering eyes, she gazed on all that was going on with extraordinary intentness, standing like 'the statue which enchants the world,' immoveable for half an hour. When she joined us, her first question to me was, 'Do you know that the Catholic religion is very different from the Protestant?' 'Really, is it so?' 'Oh, yes! it is very bad, indeed; none of those priests whom you see have ever been allowed to marry.' 'What a pity! their wives and daughters might have had so much beautiful lace!'—said I, turning away and leaving her to discover whether I was serious or not, by her own ingenious mind.

"At half-past twelve we returned to the *Maison Royale*. I delivered my credentials, and we were shown into the *parloir*, which is exactly that of a convent, with a grating or trellis-work across one end of the room, in order, I suppose, to separate the pupils from those visitors who do not come within the pale of the laws of the house. The long mass was not yet finished, and I had to wait a little time before I could see the Countess de Bourgoing. At length one of the ladies came to lead me to her, and I found her in a very pleasant saloon, which opens with folding glass doors on the large grass-covered court of the establishment. She is a very pleasing old lady, eighty years of age. She received me with great kindness, and after a little conversation, she rang and desired *Madame la directrice des études* to be sent to her. When this lady came, she requested her to show me and my friends the whole of the establishment; she then asked me if all my party could speak French; when I replied not all, she desired that another lady who could speak English should accompany us also. I then took my leave of the Countess, and returned to my party in the *parloir*. We commenced our inspection with the kitchens, which are very large, and admirable for order and cleanliness. Dinner was just being served, and the numerous neat maid-servants in their black-dresses, white aprons, and handkerchiefs, were hurrying to and fro. As we passed into the refectory, the pupils, of whom there are five hundred and fifty, were then entering from the chapel, and taking their places according to their classes, each class occupying a separate table, and each is known by wearing a ribbon across the bosom, with certain coloured stripes to distinguish one from another. For this number of pupils there are seventy governesses in the house; there must be, at least, as many servants, I should think, for everything is in the first style of elegance, order, and cleanliness. There are nearly one hundred acres of garden and pleasure-grounds belonging to the house. It is a very fine building, and was, before the revolution of eighty-nine, a monastery of Benedictines, and those persons knew in general how to lodge themselves pretty well. We were conducted from the refectory to the chapel; it is very pretty, but strangers are never admitted when service is being performed, only on the day of the first communion of the pupils the *mammas* are allowed to be in the gallery. After this we saw the rooms for the drawing lessons, where are busts and models of all kinds to copy from, as well as pictures; in short, there is all that an artist can require. Then we saw the gymnasium, a late addition, made since Marshal Macdonald gave up the direction of the establishment. Everything in it is of beautiful polished wood, and there are sheepskin

rugs spread on the floor, to prevent any danger to the young ladies from falls, while they are exercising. The dormitories are long rooms, with four rows of little white beds in them; one of them contains two hundred beds, I think; they were formerly long galleries partitioned off into cells for the monks, but are now in a state much more conducive to the health of those who sleep in them. The bathing-rooms, and rooms for the sick, are also kept in the neatest order, and very comfortably fitted up. Besides these, there are *lingeries*, rooms where the young ladies' linen is kept, on open shelves divided into compartments and numbered, so that each pupil's is known; *broderies*, rooms where they are taught embroidery, of which we saw some most beautiful specimens; and *pharmacies*, rooms where they are taught the making of syrups and preserves, and the uses of plants for medical purposes. You will readily imagine from all this, that there are few similar establishments in Europe for the education of young ladies; although there may be some more extensive ones, for those who do not rank in that class; this, however, costs the French government about 18,000*l.* per annum.

"The name of Marshal Macdonald was no sooner pronounced than all were eager to show us every place, and every thing; and I must say, that if we had been inclined to make any complaint of French breeding, it was not here that we could have had grounds for it; no doubt, much of the attention I met with was owing to the introduction I brought. I was much pleased with *Madame la directrice des études*: she told me she had been twenty-five years connected with this establishment, having been with Madame Campan at Ecouen, which was the root of the *Maison Royale*, formerly the *Maison Impériale*, when Napoleon transplanted the school of Ecouen to St. Denis. Madame Campan was firm in her attachment to the Emperor, venerating, as she did, his great talents, and knowing how much he had done for France, descending in his designs for her amelioration, even to the details of female education; in that, however, it must be confessed that his taste was not of the purest, and showy qualities were of more value with him than real goodness. It is said that Madame Campan had reason to complain of neglect and ingratitude from the Bourbons, after the restoration of Louis XVI., and that she died in poverty.

"The present excellent order and arrangement of every department of the *Maison Royale*, is entirely the work of Marshal Macdonald. He sent me with my letter of introduction the book of its laws and regulations, and, indeed, when I read it, I could not but see the spirit of the soldier in its discipline, and in all its details so orderly, and proceeding from grade to grade with such exactness. You may remember, that when we read Lord Collingwood's delightful letters to his family, we declared that he was the only person of whom we had ever heard who was thoroughly qualified to be a *governess* to young ladies—or *governor* rather—such a governor then,—full of sentiments of rectitude and honour; full of the desire for useful exertion, and the determination to fulfil every duty, joined to the finest taste in all that is pure, and refined, and elegant,—was happily found in Marshal Macdonald for the *Maison Royale*, to educate the portionless daughters of the officers of the Legion of Honour. We took our leave of the amiable ladies who had conducted us through the establishment, with a feeling of obligation for their kindness, and with the highest gratification with all which we had seen."

The Grave of Genius. A Tale. True yet Marvellous. By J. C. LA MONT.

We are tempted into noticing this little work, because it is imbued with an air of reality which induces us to believe the declaration of its title-page, namely, that it is "True." The lines of stern matters of fact engrave themselves so deeply upon the mind, they are so difficult of being effaced or erased, they so haunt the memory, while the most animated and spirit-stirring fiction so soon loses its power over us, that we are disposed to believe that truth is ever attended by a peculiar and attesting testimony of its own. The pathetic tale before us partakes of this power, and whether true in detail in this peculiar instance or not, it yet tells us the history of many a broken heart, and many a care-worn body. The sorrows of *Genius* are of such a nature, that it may truly be said that with them "a stranger intermeddleth not." With feelings a thousand-fold more acute and sensitive than those men who brunt through the world discharging a debt of arbitrary manual labour, feelings ever on the rack, ever under excitement, they are constantly exposed to the rudest shocks. Among the class of these soul-sufferers the aspirant for literary honours must often endure an excess of misery unknown to ordinary men, and the purport of this tale is to follow out the lot of such a one. Destitute of all resources save those of his own mind, the youthful hero seeks the metropolis, inspired with the hope of finding his abilities a marketable commodity; incessant toil and assiduity win for him nothing but a requital of disappointment. Most mournful is it to trace the gradual relinquishing of all hope, the extinction of the faintest throbs of expectation, the progressive abandonment of the spirit to its despair, the wasting of the frail body cheated of its natural rights, the awful pangs of hunger, the dilapidation of the frail tenement, the drooping limbs, the hollow eye like a charcoal fire, the emaciated frame, the sunken lip, the unearthly hectic, the—but why pursue the theme? humanity shudders at the close of the parting spirit, and we might not have pursued our author's powerful and pathetic tale so far, but in the belief that warnings of this nature may have a happy influence; for sure we are that supplicants are often refused on the plea of business, when on the ground of humanity their claims would be at once admitted; men dream not of the misery their denials may be inflicting; and if this little work should in any degree become a tract for humanity, its author will have done far better things than merely to have amused the imagination or charmed the fancy.

St. Patrick's Purgatory; an Essay on the Legends of Purgatory, Hell, and Paradise, current during the Middle Ages. By THOMAS WRIGHT, Esq., M.A., F.S.A., Corresponding Member of the Royal Institute of France, (Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres.)

Whether regarded as an essay on the peculiar literature on which it treats, or considered on the higher ground of throwing light on theological views, this little work deserves attention. In the one case it marks the condition and taste of that literature, in the other the gra-

dual corruption of human inventions, as introduced into high and holy things. For our own part, we would most gladly acquit the Romish priesthood of even the sin of sufferance, much less of connivance, and least of all of encouragement or invention, in things which must at once humiliate the mind and debase the faith of the humbler classes of their communion; but though it be against our feelings to admit, it is against our conviction to deny, that the shackles of ignorant superstitions, such as those which form the purport of this volume, are at the least permitted, we had well nigh said adopted and sanctioned by the Church.

Although Mr. Wright has purposed in this essay to treat his subject generally, so as to bring before us as fair a view of the subject in its collective form as was attainable, yet from combined causes, St. Patrick's purgatory in Ireland forms its leading feature. At a season when the unhappy condition of our sister kingdom is exciting not only the strongest political interest, but the warmest impulses of humanity, everything that draws influential attention to its state ought to receive its full share of consideration; and it is a fact, that whilst legends, which the gradual operation of the humblest common sense has suffered to fall into disrepute and almost forgetfulness in every other part of Christendom, yet that in Ireland this wild superstition remains in force to the present day. We think that few things could be instanced so painfully convincing of the degradation of their intellectual condition, and we gladly do our part to press upon those in whose hands is the stewardship of power, the necessity of measures for the mental and moral emancipation, as well as for the corporeal relief, of this large portion of our fellow subjects.

Mr. Wright has well discharged his task; he has communicated a long list of successive legends, which throw much light on the manners, morals, and religious feelings of successive ages, for it is certainly true that the mental portraiture of a people is reflected in the inventions of parallel dates. The work undoubtedly has considerable interest in itself, but greater interest attaches to it in the reflections to which it gives creation. Some works are complete in themselves; others have their value in the after-suggestions to which they give rise. This volume possesses both this class of merits, but most of the last. Doubtless, it has cost some labour, but that labour has been well bestowed.

To such of our readers as may know St. Patrick's Purgatory, better by name than visitation or actual description, we recommend our extract.

"Among the dreary and barren mountains and moorlands in the south of the county of Donegal, at no great distance from the county town, is a lake which contains an island that was long famous throughout Europe. But who has not heard of St. Patrick's Purgatory?—of its mysterious wonders?—and of the crowds of devotees who have for ages been attracted by its reputed sanctity? There it stands, with its chapels and its toll-houses—and thither still repair yearly crowds of pious pilgrims, who would wash away at once, by a visit to these holy shores, the accumulated sins of their lives."

"It appears from the foregoing pages that visions of purgatory, although rare, were not however unknown before the date of the first pub.

lication of the wonders of the Purgatory of St. Patrick. We have seen that the most remarkable of these early legends were connected with Ireland, a circumstance which is probably explained by the superstition with which that island was regarded as being situated in the extreme west, the land of the shades. I have shown also how these visions were founded on the popular belief of the people, derived from a still more ancient creed, antecedent to the introduction of Christianity. There are reasons for believing that the cave was the subject of older legends, arising from its physical character: similar legends have been formed under similar circumstances in other places. We shall find that it was some years after the pretended descent of the knight Owain, before the purgatory legend became absolutely identified with the place.

"We perceive some traces of the origin of the legend in the account given by Giraldus, of the island of Lough Derg, which he places among the wonderful islands in Ireland. It was, he says, divided into two parts, of which one was fair and pleasant, and contained a church, which was considered a place of great sanctity; while the other part was wild and rough, and believed to be inhabited only by demons (hobgoblins). In this part of the island, he adds, there were nine pits, in any of which, if a person were bold enough to pass the night, he would be so much tormented by the demons that it was a chance if he were found alive in the morning; and it was reported that he who escaped alive, would, for the torments he suffered here, be relieved from the torments of the other world. Giraldus ends by telling us that the natives called the place Patrick's Purgatory; and that it was said that the saint had obtained from God this public manifestation of the punishments and rewards of the other world, in order to convince his incredulous hearers. Giraldus wrote his topography of Ireland, from which this account is taken, long after the date of the visit of the knight Owain."

"At the end of the fifteenth century the Purgatory of St. Patrick fell into disgrace. The numerous copies of the legend first published by Henry of Saltrey, which were distributed by the invention of printing, tended much to increase its celebrity at this period. A monk of Eymstadt, in Holland, who proved either more conscientious or less credulous than former visitors, undertook the pilgrimage to Lough Derg. When he arrived at the lake, he applied for entrance to the prior, who referred him to the bishop of the diocese, without whose licence no visitors were received. The monk then repaired to the residence of bishop, but, as he was 'poor and moneyless,' the servants refused to admit him into their master's presence. Having, however, with difficulty obtained an audience, he fell in a supplicating posture before the prelate, and begged permission to enter St. Patrick's Purgatory. The bishop demanded a certain sum of money, which, he said, was due to him from every pilgrim who came on this errand. The monk represented his poverty, and, after much urgent solicitation, the bishop grudgingly gave him the necessary license. He then went to the prior, performed the usual ceremonies, and was shut up in the cavern. There he remained all night, trembling with fear, and in constant expectation of a visit from the demons; but when the prior let him out next morning, he had had no vision of any kind, and, dissatisfied with the result of his pilgrimage, he hastened to Rome, where he made his complaint to pope Alexander VI. The pope acknowledged himself convinced of the imposture, and sent orders for the destruction of the Purgatory, which were put in effect with great solemnity on St. Patrick's day, 1479.

"It was not long before the place recovered its ancient reputation. The office of St. Patrick, inserted in the Roman missals in 1522, was almost entirely devoted to the celebration of the purgatory; and, although this office was rejected two years after, the fame of St. Patrick's Purgatory continued to increase, and the legend was generally adopted by the

Roman theologians. During upwards of two centuries its reputation continued to spread through France, Italy, and Spain."

"At home, however, this superstition met with a different treatment, although the blind zeal of the Irish priesthood rendered futile all attempts to destroy it. It appears, that when the pilgrimage was revived, the Catholics invented several stories to account for its destruction by order of the pope. Some said that the miraculous vision had been discontinued because the people of Ireland had become so orthodox and so virtuous, that there was no further need of any extraordinary means to deter them from vice; but that when the heretics began to gain ground, after the separation of the English church from Rome, the miracle was providentially revived, in order to be made a means of convincing the new unbelievers. Others said that the pope had only ordered one part of the cave to be demolished. There were some again, who said that the reason of its demolition was that it had been discovered not to be the real place of the purgatory of St. Patrick, described in the ancient legends. The annals of Ulster, under the year 1497, as quoted in Richardson's '*Folly of Pilgrimages in Ireland*,' states that 'the cave of St. Patrick's Purgatory, in Lough Derg, was demolished in that year, on St. Patrick's Day, by the guardian of Donegaul, and some persons in the deanery of Lough Dirn, deputed by the bishop, by authority of the pope. Every one, understanding from the '*History of the Knight*' and other ancient books, that this was not the purgatory which Patrick had from God, though every one resorted to it.' It was perhaps on this pretence that the site of the Purgatory was, as it is said, moved to another island in the lake, at a subsequent period, but it does not appear to be known exactly at what period this removal was effected. In another respect, the character of the initiation was entirely changed: it had formerly been the custom to admit people rarely, and with great difficulty, but after its restoration the pilgrims were admitted in crowds, and the fee, instead of being paid to the bishop, was given to the guardian of the place. The original island of the purgatory, on this change, was found to be too near the shore; and to hinder the possibility of pilgrims entering by stealth, the site was moved to a smaller island at a greater distance. The writer whose work has just been mentioned, the Rev. John Richardson, gives the following account of the visit of a pious adventurer in the last century who began to make excavations in the larger island, among the ruins of the old priory, in the hopes of finding the entrance to the original cavern: 'It is said that the passage into purgatory was first found in this island; but it being near the shore, and a bridge from the main land into it, which gave the people free and ready access, this passage into purgatory was stopped up and another opened in a less island, about half a mile from the shore, by which means the monks wisely gained two points, viz. the profit of a ferry-boat for wafting the pilgrims over the lake, and an opportunity of working further upon the imaginations of the people, and making them believe that they were really going into another world. It is now [in 1727] said that this passage is hid from them for unknown reasons, but that in due time it will be discovered by some devout pilgrim. This probably induced one Ludovicus Pyrrhus, a native of Bretagne, in France, to try if he could find it out. In order to this, about thirty-four years ago, he came to Lough Derg, and employed labourers to dig and search for it throughout both these islands, the neighbouring priests giving their assistance. He continued two summers at this work, and after he had spent almost all the money he brought with him, fell a trafficking, and applied the profit to the same use. At last, as he was searching among the rubbish of a dwelling-house, in the largest island, he found a window with iron stanches; Mr. Art MacCullen, popish priest of the parish, Mr. Mark MacGrath, and Mr. James Maxwell, a protestant, who

gave me this account of Pyrrhus, being present. There happened to be a dark cavity under the window, which made the purgatory-mongers at first sight believe that it was the mouth of the passage; and therefore they cried for holy water to keep the spirits from breaking out of prison; and the priest immediately left the island in a great fright, as he pretended, and reported among the common people that the way into purgatory was found out for certain, that he saw it himself, and that it smelt strongly of brimstone. The rest of the papists who stayed behind were in a great consternation: but Mr. Maxwell, not being so credulous, desired them to have a little patience, and they would soon be convinced of their error; which accordingly fell out; for after digging a little deeper they found it was a cellar-window; whereupon Ludovicus Pyrrhus ceased from searching any more, and returned to his native country.

"We know that as early as the reign of Elizabeth, large troops of pilgrims went to this pretended purgatory, so that from time to time it appears to have become an object of jealousy to the government. On the 13th of September, 1632, the lords justices of Ireland ordered the purgatory to be utterly broken down, defaced, and demolished; and prohibited any convent to be kept there for the time to come, or any person to go into the said island on a superstitious account. In the second year of the reign of Queen Anne, St. Patrick's Purgatory had again become obnoxious to government; and an act of parliament was passed to prohibit the resort to it, in which it was provided, that 'Whereas, the superstitions of popery are greatly increased and upheld by the pretended sanctity of places, especially of a place called St. Patrick's Purgatory, in the county of Donegaul, and of wells, to which pilgrimages are made by vast numbers at certain seasons, by which, not only the peace of the public is greatly disturbed, but the safety of the government also hazarded by the riotous and unlawful assembling together of many thousands of papists to the said wells and other places: be it further enacted, that all such meetings and assemblies shall be deemed and adjudged riots and unlawful assemblies, and punishable as such, in all or any persons meeting at such places as is aforesaid. And all sheriffs, justices of the peace, and other magistrates, are hereby required to be diligent in putting the laws in force against all offenders in the above particulars in due execution.'"

"It is not my object in the present essay to enter into the details of the modern observances. They appear to have no resemblance to the ancient ceremonies described in the tract of Henry of Saltrey; the initiated sees no vision; he is only subjected to a series of degrading and demoralizing sufferings, the object of which is to keep the Irish peasantry in ignorant subjection to the Catholic priesthood. It is a disgrace to the Catholic church that such a gross superstition has not been long suppressed. It is said that, at the present day, the number of pilgrims is so great during the summer months, that it is not uncommon to see as many as nine hundred or a thousand on the island at once. 'It is the head of the Church of Rome,' observes Mr. Barrow, in his 'Tour round Ireland,' 'who ought to use his influence to abate a nuisance of this kind, which confers no honour on the Catholic religion; and, I believe, is not in accordance with the Catholic ritual, but one of the mere tricks of monkish priests to fatten on the credulity of the lowest, the most distressed, and most ignorant of the Catholic population. But what is to be said of the proprietor who raises a revenue of 200*l.* or 300*l.* a year by renting this spot? Does he never consider, when he looks upon the wretched objects that flock to this place from the extreme points of the island, what pain and misery they undergo on their long journey; what sufferings they entail on their starving families at home? How many of them actually perish on the journey? If he does, I should think the income he derives from such a source cannot afford him much gratification.'"

Griselda. A Dramatic Poem. Translated from the German of Fredrick Halm. By Q. E. D.

We welcome with real pleasure this excellent translation from the German of Halm. We could almost say, that in the range of dramatic literature, there does not exist a more tender or heart-touching history than that of the poor Griselda. The pride of the haughty Percival, and the humility of his lady, the selfish exactions of the one and the unbounded generosity of the other; the brutal and arrogant manifestations of the power of the stern husband at the price of most unexampled soul-suffering of the wife, form a contrast of character, each enhancing the other, of real power. The tale is one familiar to our very nursery lore, but in this shape it must carry with it every feeling of the heart. The diction is pure and unaffected, while as the drama approaches its climax, the language as well as the sentiments of *Griselda* assume the simple majesty of nature. On the stage, "*Griselda*" would be unequalled in pathetic power.

Holy Baptism. Prayers, Meditations, and Select Passages on the Sacrament of Baptism, with the Baptismal Offices, according to the Use of the English Church.

This admirable little volume ought to be highly acceptable to the members of the Established Church, and is especially well fitted for the use of the young in its communion. It is a rich and varied collection from the works of the early Fathers, and of all eminent Divines, on the subject of Baptism, forming a compendium of talent and piety entitled to our highest appreciation and respect. It is often a matter of regret with us that the writings of those illustrious men, who have been alike pillars and ornaments of the church, should be suffered to pass into a species of neglected disregard; and it is with a corresponding pleasure that we see efforts made to restore them to a just position of importance. This praise assuredly belongs to the publisher of this little volume, and it is but just to Mr. Burns to say, that the miniature works which he sends forth into the world, are distinguished by neatness and elegance of style in no ordinary degree. His marginal borders both adorn and give an air of novelty to his pages, while his pretty illustrations, characteristic vignettes, and fashion of binding, stamp his works with undeniable good taste.

The Nursery Rhymes of England, collected chiefly from Oral Tradition. Edited by JAMES ORCHARD HALLIWELL, Esq. Third Edition, with Illustrations.

Having no particular desire to see a race of infant philosophers founded and cultivated, we are always well pleased to see babyism provided with baby-food rather than supplied with the strong meat of would-be reading-made-easy sciences. We hold that it is quite as impossible to humiliate abstruse doctrines to the capacity of a child,

as it is to elevate the mind of a child to the comprehension of abstruse doctrines. We are glad to find that others think with us to a great extent, as is proved by the fact that Mr. Halliwell's Nursery Rhymes has here got into its third edition, and a very pretty edition it is. Every nurse who has sense enough to know the value of euphonious nonsense, will gladly avail herself of this gentleman's labours, which we value the more, as we quite believe that without them the doggerels of our infancy, snatches of old song, precious from their association, would have been buried under the mass of modern utilitarian invention. Certainly, "Nursery Rhymes" ought to have a welcome and a place in every nursery.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

- The Highlands of Ethiopia. By Major W. C. Harris. 3 vols. 8vo. 2l. 2s.
 Memoirs of Mary Stuart, Queen of Scotland. By L. S. Buckingham. 2 vols. 8vo. 28s.
 Chronicles of Gretna Green. By P. O. Hutchinson, Esq. 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.
 Adventures of Mr. Ledbury, and his friend Jack Johnson. By A. Smith, Esq. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.
 New Sketches of Every Day Life, a Diary, with Strife and Peace. By Frederika Bremer. Translated by Mary Howitt. 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s. boards.
 Love and Money, an Every Day Tale. By Mary Howitt. 18mo. 2s. 6d.
 The Book of Curiosities, Natural and Artificial, square 2s. 6d.
 The Life and Times of the good Lord Cobham. 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.
 History of Scotland. By Patrick Fraser Tytler, Esq. Vol. IX. Post 8vo. 6s.
 A Christmas Carol. By C. Dickens, 2nd edit. fcap. 8vo. 5s.
 Thirty Years from Home, a Voice from the Main Deck. 18mo. 3s. 6d.
 Treasure Trove, a Romantic Irish Tale of the last Century. By Samuel Lover. 8vo. 14s.
 Allanston, or the Infidel. By Lady Chatterton. 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.
 The Life and Adventures of Jack of the Mill. By W. Howitt. 2 vols. fcap. 15s.
 The Unloved One. By Mrs. Holland. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.
 The Wassail Bowl. By A. Smith. Post 8vo. 10s. 6d.
 A Memoir of the Life and Writings of the late William Taylor, of Norwich. 2 vols. 8vo. 30s.
 Memoir and Correspondence of Mrs. Grant, of Laggan. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.
 Baxter's Life and Times. 2 vols. 8vo. 21s.
 Sketches in India. By Hon. E. Eden. Folio, 4l. 14s. 6d.
 The Irish Coquette, a Novel, Vol. I., post 8vo. 10s. 6d.
 Edward Somers, a Domestic Story, and a Legend of the Coast. By T. D'Oyley, Esq. Post 8vo. 8s. 6d.

LITERARY NEWS.—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

Mr. Mills, author of the "Old English Gentleman," is about to publish a new work to which our readers will look forward with considerable expectation—it is to be entitled *THE ENGLISH FIRESIDE, a Tale of the Past*. This truly English subject will, we doubt not, be ably treated by Mr. Mills, who has already given us so admirable a portraiture in the delineation of the somewhat kindred work to which we have above alluded.

THE new novel recently announced as in progress, entitled *THE FORTUNES OF THE FALCONARS*, is from the pen of Mrs. Gordon, authoress of "Three Nights in a Life Time," &c. The work is now nearly ready, and from what we hear we may safely promise ourselves and our readers much pleasure from its perusal.

Lieut. Ouchterlony's new work, entitled *THE CHINESE WAR*, is to appear in a very few days. We have seen a copy of it, though not in time for our present month's review. It is, indeed, a most interesting work, and so illustrated as to carry the reader through the scenes graphically described by upwards of fifty pictorial sketches, which add greatly to the interest of the narrative. We purpose giving a full account of it in our next number.

The new tale, entitled *HONOUR*, is on the eve of publication. We understand it is from the pen of a highly talented lady.

A peculiar degree of attention is likely to be aroused in political circles by the publication of a pamphlet entitled *THE BEGINNING OF THE END*, by a member of the Carlton Club, which is to appear about the time of the meeting of parliament.

A new novel of high character has just been committed to the press, entitled *TALES OF A LAY BROTHER, FIRST SERIES, NEVILLE'S CROSS*, in three volumes, which is intended for speedy publication.

The new edition of *MR. LODGE'S PEERAGE FOR 1844* is now ready, corrected throughout from the personal communications of the Nobility. This valuable work appeared so perfect, it was difficult to imagine any useful addition could be made to it, yet such has been done by prefixing an account of the dignities, and by interspersing the names of the seats of gentlemen commoners allied to noble families. It is gratifying to observe the high estimation to which this important work has attained, from its distinguished authenticity and the indefatigable labour constantly bestowed upon it.

The new edition of *BOYLE'S COURT GUIDE FOR 1844* has also just appeared, corrected throughout with the corrected lists of both Houses of Parliament.

The New Editions of the earlier volumes of *SIR E. L. BULWER'S PROSE WORKS* are now ready.

Mrs. Jameson's GUIDE TO THE PRIVATE PICTURE GALLERIES is now nearly completed.

We hope to have the pleasure of speaking of *Mrs. Parkerson's* elegant work, *THE GLEANER*, in our next number.

THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

The accounts from the provincial Corn Markets are that trade has maintained a very firm tone, and an advance of from 1s. to 2s. per quarter on Wheat has been nearly generally established. The demand for Foreign

Wheat seems rather limited at present, but holders are enabled to maintain previous rates. Good supplies of English and Irish Barley have been received; but these have in some measure checked the demand, and reduced our quotations about 1s. per quarter. The market for all descriptions of East India Coffee has been very firm; even those of the inferior kinds, which a few months back were unsaleable, are now clearing off. Dealers hold nearly the whole of the stock in docks. In Sugars the assortment has been indifferent, and the demand for finer sorts. The Tea Sales have been well attended, and the market brisk; but an inadequate supply of Green complained of. Owing to the commercial intelligence from India and China, received by the last overland mail, being considered unfavourable, some depression has been experienced in the Manchester trade. In the Yarn Market but little has been done.

MONEY MARKET.—The money market continues to wear an improving aspect. The good understanding between this country and France, as manifested in M. Guizot's speech on the foreign policy of France, has not been without its influence on our speculators. The high price of Consols has had the effect of turning the attention of some capitalists to the share market and foreign stocks. The $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cents. seem to be tied down to their present rate, by a supposition that an attempt will be made to pay off the stock.

PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Saturday, 27th of January.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock 195 one-half.—Consols for Acct. 97 one half.—Three per Cents. Consols, Anns. 97 one-half.—Three and a Half per Cents. Red. Anns. 102 seven-eighths.—Indian Bonds under 1000l. 83 pr.—Exchequer Bills, small, $1\frac{1}{4}$ d. 67s. 60s. pr.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Dutch Two and Half per Cent., 55 one-eighth.—Spanish Three per Cent. Acct. 31 one-half.—Spanish Five per Cents. Account, Jan. 31, 28.—Mexican Five per Cent. 33 seven-eighths.—Dutch Five per Cent. 101 five-eighths.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM DEC. 19 TO JAN. 19, 1844, INCLUSIVE.

Dec. 19.—R. Champion, Friday-street, furrier.—F. Barry, Rye, Sussex, miller.—T. and T. P. Trapp, Church-street, Southwark, tallow chandlers.—R. Heffer, St. Ives, draper.—I. Pliat, Lewes, linen draper.—J. E. Bunker, Lower Shadwell, merchant.—J. Pearson, Darlaston, Staffordshire, cut nail manufacturer.

Dec. 22.—W. Carpenter, Southampton, stationer.—J. Balland, Maidstone, brazier.—E. Munn, Stanhope-terrace, Hyde-park, corn-chandler.—M. Hadley, Walsall, chemist.—J. Whitley, Liverpool, surgeon.—J. Lawrence, Birmingham, spirit merchant.

Dec. 26.—A. Wells, Wickford, Essex, surgeon.—J. Dobson, Old Gravel-lane, Ratcliffe-highway, ship carpenter.—T. Hancock, Canterbury, coachsmith.—W. Chamberlain, Peckham, linendraper.—T. Morris, Mortimer-road, De Beauvoir-square, Hackney, builder.—R. Thompson, Strood, draper.—G. Webb, Oxford, apothecary.—W. Berkeley, Narrow-street, Limehouse, coal merchant.—J. Holden, Mornington-crescent, Hampstead-road, builder.—R. Evershed, Pulborough, Sussex, timber merchant.—J. Jenkins, Symond's-street, Chelsea, cowkeeper.—G. Hickinbottom, Burbage, Leicestershire, baker.—J. Newton, Wolverhampton, locksmith.—M. Hall, Stoke Golding, Leicestershire, farmer.—J. Cornish, Bridport, painter.—W. Pringle, Morpeth, carrier.

Dec. 29.—T. W. Vine, Peerless-row, City-road, carpenter.—W. C. Carter, Ashford, Kent, druggist.—J. and W. Wolland, Exeter, turners. C. Powell, Coventry, watchmaker.—S. Cook, Dudley, Worcestershire, draper.—T. Redshaw, Boern, Lincolnshire, draper.—E. Pugh, Everton, Lancashire, tailor.—W. Thompson, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, merchant.

Jan. 2.—J. Wheatley, Kennington-cross, Lambeth, livery-stable-keeper.—R. Stevens, New-cut, Lambeth, dealer in china.—H. F. Turner, Myddleton-street, Clerkenwell, painted balze manufacturer.—D. Nicholson, Liverpool, hatter.—W. Wood and H. Port, Burton-upon-Trent, screw manufacturers.—J. Baylis, Deritend, Warwickshire, victualler.—B. Smith, Tipton, Staffordshire, grocer.—G. Holdsworth, Northowram, Yorkshire, worsted spinner.

Jan. 5.—W. Fuller, Cotton-street, Poplar, coal merchant.—J. M. E. Stokes, St. Albans, gas contractor.—T. Sanders, Ramsgate, Kent, shoemaker.—W. P. M. Croft, Bull's Head, Great Windmill-street, victualler.—J. Walker, Wheaton, Ashton, Staffordshire, machine-maker.—F. Peters, Manchester, wine and spirit merchant.—G. Newton, Seabam-harbour, Durham, hosier.—M. Cooke, Evesham, Worcestershire, hotel-keeper.

Jan. 9.—C. Clark, Banbury, linendraper.—J. Turner, Grange-place, Hoxton, cabinet-

maker.—A. Scott, Cambridge-street, Golden-square, auctioneer.—A. Blazdell, Upper Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square, harpmaker.—C. B. Roe and T. J. Blachford, Newport, Isle of Wight, bankers.—G. Smith, Northampton, carpenter.—J. Sherwood, Wood-street, Cheapside, stationer.—H. Orbell, Romford, Essex, victualler.—G. C. Bridge, Maldon, Essex, grocer.—W. Dunnet, Manchester, commission agent.—E. Evans, Llangurdirne, Carmarthenshire, draper.—W. Easthope, Shrewsbury, Whitesmith.

Jan. 12.—T. Robotham, Aldersgate-street, licensed victualler.—W. Armfield, Northampton, draper.—H. Southgate and W. M. Robertson, Fleet-street, City, auctioneers.—F. Tootell, Edgware, dealer in hay and corn.—J. Sproule,

Liverpool, wine merchant.—J. Ashton, Liverpool, manufacturing chemist.

Jan. 16.—J. Piggott, jun., Richmond, Surrey, cabinet-maker.—M. J. Dyke, Romsey, Hants, innkeeper.—W. Bromley, Gray's Inn-square, Gray's Inn, scrivener.—C. S. Sweeny, Albion-place, Hyde Park-square, apothecary.—H. and J. Slesinger, Cateaton-street, City, warehousemen.—E. Holson, Thrapston, Northamptonshire, linendraper.—W. Baker, Lower Grosvenor-street, Bond-street, surgeon.—J. C. Knill, Gloucester, tailor.—G. Phillips, Leicester, innkeeper.

Jan. 19.—J. Reaveley, Queenhithe, paper commission-agent.—W. Bearup, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, joiner and builder.—W. Lewis, sen., Axbridge, Somersetshire, baker.—T. Bentley, Eccleston, Lancashire, calico-printer.

NEW PATENTS.

J. Connell, of the City of Dublin, Gentleman, for certain improvements in the manufacture of candles and candlewicks. Nov. 24th, 6 months.

R. Garrett, of Leiston Works, Suffolk, Agricultural Implement Maker, for improvements in machinery for drilling, thrashing and cutting agricultural produce. Nov. 25th, 6 months.

J. Frith, of Sheffield, Architect, for certain improvements in the manufacture of cannon. Nov. 25th, 6 months.

W. Irving, of Regent Street, Lambeth, Engineer, for improved machinery and apparatus for cutting and carving substances to be applied for inlaying and other purposes. Nov. 25th, 6 months.

E. Tann, the elder, E. Tann, the younger, and J. Tann, all of Minerva Terrace, Hackney Road, Iron Safe Manufacturers, for certain improvements in locks and latches, and in iron rooms, doors, safes, chests, and other repositories. Nov. 25th, 6 months.

A. Vivian, of Gwennap, Cornwall, Gentleman, for an improved apparatus for dressing ores. Nov. 25th, 6 months.

J. Rock, jun., of Birmingham, Factor, for certain improvements in locks and latches. Nov. 25th, 6 months.

G. E. Donisthorpe, of Bradford, Top Manufacturer, for improvements in combing wool and other fibrous substances. Nov. 25th, 6 months.

W. J. Hay, of Portsmouth, Operative Chemist, for Improvements in producing light by percussion for signals and other purposes. Nov. 25th, 6 months.

T. Drayton, of Brighton, Gentleman, for improvements in coating glass with silver for looking-glasses and other uses. Nov. 25th, 6 months.

J. R. Lund, of Cornhill, Chronometer Maker, for improvements in the construction of compensation balances of chronometers. Nov. 25th, 6 months.

J. Cooper, of St. John Street, Clerkenwell, Provision Merchant, for Vessels of peculiar construction, and an apparatus for the purpose of preserving various articles of provisions for the use of families. Dec. 5th, 2 months.

J. Hick, of Bolton-le-Moors, Lancaster, Engineer, for certain improvements in steam-engines and in apparatus to be connected therewith for driving machinery, part of which improvements are applicable to forcing, lifting, and measuring water. Dec. 5th, 6 months.

J. Robinson, of Old Jewry, Solicitor, for certain improvements in the construction and mode of working engines by the agency of air or gases for obtaining or producing motive power. Dec. 5th, 6 months.—Communication.

W. Wardroper, of Welbeck Street, Surgeon, for certain improvements in the forms or constructions of hooks and eyes for fastening dresses and for other uses. Dec. 5th, 6 months.

W. Newton, of Chancery Lane, Civil Engineer, for improvements in extracting certain metals from ores and other compounds of these metals, some part or parts of

which improvements are also applicable to obtaining another product or other products from such ores or compounds. Dec. 5th, 6 months.—Communication.

L. H. Potts, of Greenwich, Doctor of Medicine, for certain improvements in the construction of piers, embankments, breakwaters, and other similar structures. Dec. 5th, 6 months.

J. R. Hill, of Chancery Lane, Civil Engineer, for improvement in a press or presses, machine or machines, for letter-press printing. Dec. 8th, 6 months.

W. Brockedon, of Devonshire Street, Queen Square, Gentleman, for improvements in the manufacture of pills and medicated lozenges, and in preparing or treating black lead. Dec. 8th, 6 months.

J. Lamb, of Manchester, Spindle and Fly Manufacturer, for a certain improvement or improvements in machinery used for preparing and spinning cotton, wool, flax, silk, and similar fibrous material. Dec. 8th, 6 months.

J. Bishop, of Poland Street, Westminster, Jeweller, for improvements in paving roads, streets, and other places. Dec. 8th, 6 months.

C. Nickels, of York Road, Lambeth, Gentleman, for improvements in apparatus for facilitating the cutting or shaping of materials for making gloves and other articles. Dec. 8th, 6 months.

W. Baddeley, of Lombard Street, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements in rotatory engines. Dec. 8th, 6 months.—Communication.

J. Schottlaender, of St. Swithin's Lane, Merchant, for certain improvements in the deposition of metals upon various felted and other fabrics. Dec. 8th, 6 months.

A. S. Stocker, of Birmingham, Wine Merchant, for improvements in the manufacture of glass and other vessels, whereby the corks for the same are easily applied, and more effectually retained in their situation, where effervescing liquids are used; also, in the manufacture of articles, and the application of the same to that part of the vessels in which his improvements consist, so as to secure the cork; also, an apparatus for extracting such corks when required to be released. Dec. 8th, 6 months.

H. Vingoe, and W. H. Vingoe, of Penzance, Builders, for improvements in apparatus for planting or setting, drilling or dibbling corn, grain, seed, pulse, or manure, parts of which improvements are also applicable to the construction of wheels and carriages. Dec. 8th, 6 months.

A. V. Newton, of Chancery Lane, Mechanical Draftsman, for improvements in the manufacture of cyanogen and its compounds, particularly the prussiates of potash and soda. Dec. 13th, 6 months.—Communication.

J. Sylvester, of Great Russell Street, Engineer, for improvements in applying heat to brine or other matters contained in vessels. Dec. 13th, 6 months.

H. P. Vaile, of Blackfriars Road, Surrey, Gentleman, for improvements in the manufacturing metal combined with other matters, for the covering of floors and other surfaces. Dec. 13th, 6 months.

R. Kirby, of Cambridge Terrace, Hyde Park, Middlesex, Esq., for certain improvements in materials for, and in the modes of applying coverings to, coffins for the dead. Dec. 13th, 6 months.

W. Young, of Queen Street, Cheapside, Lamp Maker, for improvements in the manufacture of lamps and gas-burners. Dec. 14th, 6 months.

S. Pariby, of Rutland Gate, Knightsbridge, Retired Major of the Bengal Artillery, for improvements in the construction of wheels for carriages. Dec. 18th, 6 months.

B. Cook, jun., of Birmingham, Merchant, for certain improvements in coating or covering the surfaces of metals of various forms, and of applying the same to a variety of useful purposes. Dec. 18th, 6 months.

F. L'Estrange, of Dawson Street, Dublin, Surgeon, for improvements in hernial trusses to prevent the descent of hernia through the internal as well as the external ring. Dec. 21st, 6 months.

P. F. Ingold, of Dean Street, Soho, Watchmaker, for improvements in machinery for making parts of watches and other time-keepers, as well as parts of instruments for mathematical, optical, astronomical, nautical, and musical purposes. Dec. 21st, 6 months.